Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford: Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu: Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.
Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.